

# Not So Cinderella

by Zyii

Category: Twilight  
Genre: Humor, Romance  
Language: English  
Characters: Bella, Edward, OC  
Pairings: Edward/OC  
Status: In-Progress  
Published: 2016-04-14 16:55:42  
Updated: 2016-04-21 12:50:18  
Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:05:56  
Rating: T  
Chapters: 2  
Words: 4,448  
Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)  
Summary: Cinderella, there wasn't a person alive who didn't know the story of how she came to be. The ugliness of the step-sisters, the evilness of the step-mother or the true love shared with the Prince. Our Cinderella was known as Ella and though her past wasn't as horrific, she was soon to be swept off her feet by her own Prince Charming.

## 1. Chapter One - The Beginning

**\*\*Not So Cinderella\*\***

**\*\*Summary:** \*\*Cinderella, there wasn't a person alive who didn't know the story of how she came to be. The ugliness of the step-sisters, the evilness of the step-mother or the true love shared with the Prince. Our Cinderella was known as Ella and though her past wasn't as horrific, she was soon to be swept off her feet by her own Prince Charming.

**\*\*Warning:** \*\*In this story Renee is not a nice Mother to my original character. There are no 'singers' but I have adopted the concept of 'mates' similar to imprinting but slightly different. This is an Edward/OC story; I haven't decided who Bella will be paired with yet. Due to my MC's upbringing she is outgoing and seems strong but she suffers from anxiety & panic attacks, has low self-esteem & self-worth. If any of the book characters seem OOC to you â€" that's because I struggle with Twilight as so much of it annoys me. This story is being written as a personal request to a friend of mine. This will be a slow progressing story, not an instant 'oh my gosh you're made for me let's get married and have babies' & Charlie will be a lot brighter and accepting of all things supernatural.

**\*\*Disclaimer:\*\*** Obviously I don't own Twilight, but I've made up this story plot and my MC Ella

## **\*\*Chapter One " The Beginning\*\***

I had been a secret blessing " \_to one parent at least\_. See my parents had been expecting just one child but I had appeared as number two. There was an error with the sonogram " \_or the Doctor had been drinking \_" and they hadn't seen me. We are twins, Bella and I and being the smaller twin I wasn't even expected to survive. I'm sixteen now so I guess I proved them wrong.

Our Mother Renee changed after our birth. Everyone said it was a faze but it wasn't and she never moved past it. Renee loves Bella with all her heart but me, well, with the exception of her being my real Mum and not Step-Mum, she was as harsh as the fairy-tale equivalent. To my knowledge I'd never done anything other than survive but apparently even my presence was too much for her to bear. \_If only Dad had won, the custody battle" \_

I could have become a problem child with Renee's attitude towards me but thankfully my relationship with my Dad kept me grounded. Despite what Renee said about Dad, he was a wonderful man and I wouldn't trade him for anything.

Bella and I were incredibly close for twins whose parents love was divided but we were incredibly different. Where Bella was bookish, shy and uncoordinated, I was bubbly, creative and talented. My hair was the colour of honeycomb and I had blue eyes with hints of grey, while Bella had luscious brown locks and chocolate coloured eyes.

Over the years and especially after our parents divorced, I'd had a hard time with life. Renee had got sole custody of us and the divide between us began impacting my personality. I soon changed from my outgoing self and into a quieter version. It was inevitable, when you had a bully constantly breathing down your neck, not to be effected by it. Once I hit my teens it seemed that Bella and Dad made it their mission to cheer me up and remind me of my greatness and self-worth. I was grateful for it, their positivity shining like a beacon in my otherwise bleak life.

Bella was my lifeline, she looked after me when it all got too much. She stood as a protective barrier between Mum and I. Bella knew of the unfair way our Mother operated. Renee idolised Bella and whereas I never came close to even getting 'well done'. I'd talk to Dad almost every night, he helped ease the pain and reminded me that at least one parent loved me. I knew that both Bella and my Dad were working on getting me away from Renee's poisonous clutches but I wasn't sure if they'd ever manage it.

Of course there was only so much hatred I could take before the cracks started to form and the pain I was going through became obvious to everyone else. Nothing I ever did was good enough for Renee and I wished I'd been old enough to fight for the right to live with Dad when our parent's divorced. It had come to the point with Renee where I had stopped fighting. Making an effort only hurt me further and Renee's harsh words were hurt enough for me.

As Renee's second marriage began to flourish, she eased up on her vicious remarks in favour of wanting more of her husband's company. In some ways I wasn't sure what was worse, the vicious remarks or the

silence that had replaced them. Being ignored by Renee was a whole different experience and not one I relished. It seemed that Bella had noticed I was near breaking point and though my sister loved the heat of home, she made a decision she disliked to benefit me. It was clear that Renee wasn't happy having to stay at home while her new husband Phil, travelled, so Bella put forth the idea that we move in with our Dad.

At first Renee was against it but as time moved on it seemed she was changing her opinion on things. Finally, she said yes " \_probably because she realised she'd be shot of me. \_I was ecstatic, I'd spent the years growing up spending a month with Dad every summer. That was until I turned fourteen and Renee decided I wasn't allowed to go anymore " \_she just wanted to take away my happiness. \_

Bella and I were now stood in the airport, waiting to catch our flight. Renee was weeping with her arms wrapped tightly around Bella, almost begging her not to go. Not surprisingly, I received no goodbye from Renee and when they called our flight number, I walked away from my Mother without a backward glance. Soon enough we were settled on the plane to Forks, Washington and our Dad and I felt a huge weight lift from my shoulders.

"Could you try to contain yourself even a little?"

I giggled, I couldn't help the fact that I was excited. Practically bouncing in my seat probably wasn't the best thing to do but I just couldn't help it.

"Bella," I moaned. "I can't possibly sit still! We're in Forks! We get to see Dad! Just look at all this greenness, we definitely won't stand out with our skin colour here."

Bella rolled her eyes at me but I could tell she was secretly pleased at my lively attitude. I knew Bella felt guilty that she'd been powerless to help when I'd fallen into a deep depression last year. It must have been hard for her to handle and if I could have prevented it, I would have. As she didn't like seeing me in a bad way, I didn't like seeing her in one.

We walked through the airport relatively quietly till I saw Dad waiting for us with a sign that read 'welcome home'. Due to Renee's controlling behaviour, I hadn't seen Dad in two years so I might have overreacted a little" \_Ok I screamed\_ and jump hugged him. Despite Dad's embarrassment at my scream he managed to catch me in his arms and hug me just as tightly as I was hugging him.

"Daddy I've missed you."

There were tears in my eyes, I could feel them.

We cuddled for a few seconds longer before until Dad set me down and turned to greet Bella. Bella had never been good at physical affection. She could do it with me " \_personally I think that was a twin thing \_" but when it came to others; Renee, Dad, boys at school, she just clammed up and couldn't cope with things.

I knew however, that she wouldn't want to upset Dad, so they embraced in an awkward one armed hug before letting go of each other. I tuned out while they made conversation with each other. Both Dad and Bella

were shy quiet people and when they got together even the simplest of conversations ended up taking hours!

Tuning back in when Bella mentioned something about her hair growing out, I linked one arm with my Dad and the other with Bella and practically dragged them to where Dad's police cruiser was waiting. Dad was the Chief of Police in Forks, a fact that I was incredibly proud of. Bella was proud too but she'd never admit it. She tended to be a little embarrassed about the fact that they always had to drive around in the police cruiser but it never bothered me. I sat in the back while Bella took the front seat.

Chatting to Dad all the way home, I gave Bella a chance to relax and take in the ever green landscape that I knew she disliked. I knew I would have to help Bella in adjusting to Forks once more. She was clumsy and didn't do well when it rained or snowed. It always rained in Forksâ€|

We pulled up at the same two story house that Renee ran from when she realised the life she should have been committed to wasn't for her. I loved that it still looked like it did when Bella and I were born, it was like coming back to home. Nudging Bella in the side, I reminded her to smile as Dad pointed out where we would be staying. He had a couple of surprises up his sleeve as well.

I never thought Dad would be one to drastically change the house and I couldn't believe that he had never mentioned anything before. In the two years since I'd seen him, he'd extended the house out the back, this meant that both Bella and I got separate rooms and private bathrooms. There was a third bedroom for visiting guests as well. Though I grilled Dad about it, it was apparently something he had been planning for a while, long before he knew that Bella and I were coming to stay with him.

Later in the day while Bella was still coming to terms with her graduation present â€" \_the burnt orange wasn't really doing it for me, but I could see the 'cool' factor in having a truck \_â€" Dad had taken me off to the side.

"Ella, I don't want you to think that I've left you out."

"It's alright Dad, Bella and I can take turns driving the truck, we both have our licences & really it wouldn't make sense to buy two cars."

Dad nodded, "I still got you something."

My eyes lit up with glee, I couldn't help it, I just love getting presents and giving presents â€" \_I'm wicked at curling ribbons!\_

He pointed in the direction of the sitting room. I hadn't noticed before but there was a large object covered by a white sheet pushed against the wall. Racing over I ripped the sheet off and screamed loudly. Bella came running but rolled her eyes when she realised I wasn't in danger.

Dad had bought me a small house piano, - \_ second hand like Bella's truck \_â€" but I didn't care, I'd been wanting my own piano since I was little. I loved music, playing music was a talent I had and it could both relax me and send me into a temporary escape â€" \_usually

from Renee. \_

Dad wasn't one for words of emotion but he did pull me into a tight hug to show his appreciation for my repeated 'thank you's'.

"You girls ready to start school on Monday?"

"Yes."

"No."

Bella and I laughed as we realised we'd spoken in unison again. We used to do it all the time when we were little but not so much anymore.

"I'm excited to make new friends but I'll look after Bella like she looks after me."

"I don't need looking after Ella."

I smiled at her silliness.

It's surprising how fast time flies when you have things to unpack. Bella had it harder than me as she didn't already have stuff at Dad's, so I helped her. When it came to sleeping, I just couldn't will my mind to stop and my eyes to close. I was excited and worried, anxious, stressed and panicked all in one. I crept into Bella's room and into her bed. We'd always comforted each other when we were scared. I knew Bella would always be there for me.

"It'll be ok Ella, you'll see. I'll keep you safe. We've got a new start here; you can be who you want without fear."

"Thanks Bella." I whispered.

**\*\*Chapter Two â€" First Impressions\*\***

## 2. Chapter Two - First Impressions

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own Twilight, just Ella\*\***

**\*\*Warning: \*\***In this story Renee is not a nice Mother to my original character. There are no 'singers' but I have adopted the concept of 'mates' similar to imprinting but slightly different. This is an Edward/OC story; I haven't decided who Bella will be paired with yet. Due to my MC's upbringing she is outgoing and seems strong but she suffers from anxiety & panic attacks, has low self-esteem & self-worth. If any of the book characters seem OOC to you â€" that's because I struggle with Twilight as so much of it annoys me. This story is being written as a personal request to a friend of mine. This will be a slow progressing story, not an instant 'oh my gosh you're made for me let's get married and have babies' & Charlie will be a lot brighter and accepting of all things supernatural.

**\*\***(This Warning will be present at the beginning of every chapter. Mainly as a reminder. If you don't agree with something in the warning - then this story probably isn't for you.)**\*\***

**\*\*Chapter Two â€" First Impressions\*\***

"Bella have you seen this building they call our school?"

"Ella, what are you talking about?"

"Just look at it! Who designed this building? They must have had zero inspiration, at least our old school looked appealing. This looks like a concrete prison."

Bella chuckled "only you would become distressed by how our school looks."

I giggled, Bella always rolled her eyes at my behaviour but I knew she loved it. This was how we were supposed to be, me; bubbly and excited and Bella; shy and relaxed.

"Sorry, Bella. I'm just really excited, like you said, this is a new start."

Bella linked arms with me.

"Well I'm terrified, I hate new places, you know talking isn't my strong point. Urgh it's early and people are already arriving. Come on, let's head to reception."

I knew Bella was nervous, I could feel her arm shaking against mine. I wish I could give her a big boost of confidence. She deserves it, I cannot think of someone kinder than she. Wishing on the stars above that were hidden by grey clouds, I wished for my sister to find some peace in Forks, a place to belong with friends to look after her. I wouldn't leave her, even if we had other friend's we'd always be twins.

The receptionist was an old podgy woman with wispy white hair. I knew we weren't going to get along from the get go.

"Oh you must be the Swan twins, aren't you adorable. You are different though, I thought twins were identical."

\_She squealed. I kid you not. It sounded like a stranded whale being attacked by a cat. Also, there is more than one type of twins, idiot woman. \_

"This is just a glamour so people can tell us apart, without it we're completely identicalâ€|"

The woman looked at me blankly while Bella nudged me in the side.

"Oh you're so funny, hehe, that was a good joke."

I face palmed â€|\_seriously, they hired this woman to be a receptionistâ€|my heart weeps for humanity. \_

"You must be Isabella Swan and Ella Swan." She said.

\_Wrong.\_

"It's actually the other way round. She's Ella and I'm Bella, never Isabella."

"Bella and Ella, that rhymes!"

I felt Bella's grip on my arm tighten. \_Dammit\_ she knew I was going to hit the woman.

"Well here are your schedules, enjoy your first day."

Practically running from the room, I tried to control my anger. I hate stupid people, there is no need to be that airheaded. None at all.

"Do we have any classes together?" I asked Bella.

She had our schedules and was already cross referencing them.

"Just Algebra, Biology and Chemistry. Did you know they've put you in AP English Literature and Music?"

I shook my head.

"They didn't ask if that's what you're implying. I just took the test like you did, they use that to place us in classes."

"I'm glad they've put you in those AP classes, maybe you'll actually learn something this year. It's annoying that we don't share as many classes though."

"I'm sorry Bella. We'll still have lunch together though."

"I know; I'm just so used to having you stand by my side in everything."

"Bella, I'm not going anywhere, ever. You're my twin, I couldn't survive without you."

"Back at ya, twin." Said Bella chuckling to herself.

It was amazing how we could bring out the best in each other, that we could bring out parts of us that were hidden from others.

I suddenly yanked Bella towards the main building, walking quickly and making her stumble several times.

"What's with the running and the painful grip Ella."

"You didn't see that boy over there, he had 'welcome committee' practically stamped on his forehead. I just saved you from awkward conversation."

She rolled her eyes but thanked me nonetheless.

The last thing either of us needed was to be subjected to all the typical high school clichés. That included the welcome committee, people asking us why we are so pale, people asking us why we aren't identical and people asking if we could speak telepathically to one another.

For a small school there seemed to be a bigger social divide than our old school, which had been much better.

Supposedly every school was different, one school could be a bullying torment while another could be a popular retreat. Personally I think all schools are the same, the same people, the same clichés, the only difference is the building itself.

\_Perhaps rambling in my head about school systems and how bogus they are, wasn't exactly a good idea. Bella is looking at me weirdly.

—

"Don't zone out on me like that, you look like a spastic starfish."

I giggled \_starfish\_, funny.

"Sorry Bells. We should head inside, I have a feeling we are going to be bombarded with questions all day and I'd like to avoid that as much as possible."

Bella nodded in agreement, both of us got annoyed by people who asked continual questions like they were suffering from word vomit.

I had been right; I mean it was such a cliché that I couldn't have been wrong about it. From the moment the first class started to the moment the teacher appeared, it was like Bella and I were on a gameshow from hell. I knew I should have written an article on the two of us and stuck it up around school, would have been a better alternative to this.

I don't have much patience, by the end of the class I wanted to punch at least three people — \_of course I would never follow through with the threat, I'd end up injuring myself. \_

"Bella, why didn't you take Fine Art with me?" I moaned.

Rolling her eyes, she responded "for the same reason I don't take music classes, I suck and you know it."

I pouted "I'll miss you."

Smiling she gazed at me in a way only twins can muster. You can tell a lot from the way a person looks at you. I knew Bella was telling me that she'd miss me also. It was good for us to have some classes apart, even if I didn't agree. Bella knew I needed to find myself and I wouldn't do that if I was constantly with her.

"It's not like we won't see each other again. Lunch is after next period. You can ramble on about how amazing your Fine Arts class was and I'll even listen to what you say."

For Bella, that was a good bargain. Usually she tuned out when I talked about art, so it was a big thing for her to willingly listen to me prattle on.

"Ok."

She smiled at me as she walked away down the corridor and once she was out of sight, I turned and walked in the opposite direction from her.



The annoying thing about Fine Art classes, the layout wasn't the generic two desks side by side. Instead there were a collection of round tables that could hold up to five people and could be easily pushed to the sides if other equipment was required. It made everything look more intimidating.

Most of the tables were full and though I might be making a new start, my new start did not land on a crowded table full of people whispering about the new girl. Instead I chose a table with only three other people on it. I could already see the separation of high school life at work here.

Sitting and looking at me in wonderment were two girls and a boy. The first girl was short with spiky hair and gave the impression of being like a china doll but from the glint in her eye, I knew there was much more to her than just her appearance. The boy sat next to her, the devotion in his eyes spoke of a high school love that was rare in this day in age. He looked slightly pained to be in the room and I immediately felt sympathy for him. He probably suffers from anxiety or something, I could relate to that. The other teenagers at the school probably took his quietness as social rudeness, I suspect that's why they were shunning him at least.

The third person and last girl at the table was again short and had a hidden beauty. She wore glasses and I could tell that she used them as something to hide behind, almost like a mask. She was sitting with the other two but also apart from them, I couldn't tell whether they were friends or not.

"Hi, I'm Ella. You probably worked out I'm one of the new girls, you've probably already met my twin Bella."

My heart thumped in my chest "I never liked introductions, they made me feel bare, exposed. \_

"I'm Angela, I just had English lit with your sister. She's quiet but a very nice person."

It was the girl with glasses who had spoken. \_Glasses = Angela, right. \_

"Yeah, she's quiet and I'm loud but I wouldn't trade her for anything."

I turned to the other two hoping they weren't going to ignore me. The girl was already beaming at me.

"I'm Alice and this is Jasper. Don't mind Jasper, he doesn't talk much."

"You have anxiety right? Lots of people make you nervous?" I said, unsure of what prompted me to be so bold in what I said. "It's ok, I get it."

"See Jasper, I told you she'd be fine." Said Alice.

Just then the teacher walked in "alright juniors and seniors, today I want you to begin constructing a picture of a vast landscape. It can be a landscape you've seen or a landscape of your own creation. You are only to pick one type of drawing style. We'll take this project

through the next two weeks with us and see what the end results are."

I'd been listening to what the teacher had said \_â€" though honestly she could have been a little clearer.\_ However, I was confused by her reference to juniors and seniors.

"Fine Arts combines both Juniors and Seniors because the class is so small and if you're taking Music Appreciation, it's done on skill and talent. AP Music Appreciation is for people with extreme talent and it's also a combo of juniors and seniors." Said Alice, like she'd sensed what I was thinking without me saying it.

I got a vibe off her, it wasn't a bad vibe or even a weird vibe. It reminded me of the connection I have with Bella but it was slightly different somehow.

I nodded "thanks, I was confused."

In my opinion the class went too quickly. I'd only just begun sketching out my landscape in pencil, then I was going to use acrylic paint as my medium. I'd chosen to create my interpretation of a fairy glade and already knew the piece would be impressive when done.

"Do you want to sit with us and my siblings for lunch?" asked Alice.

She looked so hopeful that I actually felt guilty about turning her down.

"Can I sit with you tomorrow instead? I don't mean to be rude but I don't want to leave my sister alone on our first day at school. Also it would give you a chance to warn your family, I wouldn't want to tag along and have it be awkward."

I smiled, hoping she wouldn't take offense.

"Ok." She said cheerfully.

She waved and hugged me as she skipped off, dragging Jasper along with her.

I moved towards the canteen with Angela by my side, she was a good person. I hoped I'd be able to count her as a friend. It seemed she was heading to the same table I could see Bella sitting at. Immediately I knew that Bella was uncomfortable with the seating arrangement. I hurried to take the chair next to her before a rather annoying \_and weasley \_ looking boy could snag it. It seemed that whatever school you went to there was always that one person that wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

**\*\*Up Next - Chapter Three â€" Think Before You Speak\*\***

End  
file.